

## Keith Murray "High As Hell"

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Phase one

I grab the Henny an' twist the top  
Guzzle it, that's when the reaction starts  
I split the chalk with the Dutch  
Had the hash in the greenery, then the L get sparked

Keith Murray's never smokin' on Babith  
Niggas give me dirt an' I throw it in the garbage  
Actual facts, writin' exact, sacks of African Black  
I smoke two back to back

I smoke so much, I choke out fire alarms  
With the towel under the door, feel the effect of the bar  
Put Visine in my eyes so no one can tell  
Looked in the mirror, said to myself, ?Yo, you high as hell?

I inhale a gray smoke from the tram  
Get 3 Dimensional visions like CD-ROM  
Inhale it through your mouth, freeze like you froze  
Then shh, blow it out yo' nose

I put some Visine in my eyes so no one can tell  
Looked in the mirror, said to myself, ?Yo, you high as hell?  
I inhale a gray smoke of the tram  
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Me an' the Funk Doctor Spot, up top on the hop block  
Two big jig hot shots coppin' mots  
Seasons slice precise, ice an' tights  
Chicken heads that circle the block twice

If you chokin' then pass 'coz it's not a game  
Bitches hit my blunts an' never feel the same

They start actin' strange an' kinda erotic  
I try to tell her, ?You ain't nothin' 'bout no chronic?

Ahh, drats I think I'll take a long walk  
An' light a fat one up for the Sergeant General of New  
York  
Who determine gettin' lifted kill brain cells maybe  
If it wasn't for weed, niggas would be goin' crazy

So smell it from afar, comin' from the bar  
Or rushin' out when I open up the car door  
Whether home or party in a bag or a jar  
Put that lah in the air an' represent with a stand form

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I'm not sayin' I'ma a pothead, 'coz I'm not  
I'm just sayin' that I smoke a lot  
Catch me in V.I.P. smokin' with Dennis Scott  
Or after the show in the parkin' lot

I only buy weed from a selective few  
'Coz niggas is wicked an' they will get you  
I ran outta blunts, got some paper from your mother  
She had extra weed, so we rolled another

No doubt, I hear you out  
Before I roll my L, I think the cancer part out  
I'ma kite 'coz I missed the buddah spot before the  
flight  
An' damn we gon' be away for like 12 nights

So here I am in Amsterdam, gettin' high again  
You know what? Come to think of it, yo, I'd love a  
Heineken  
Inhale it through your mouth, freeze like you froze  
Then shh, blow it out yo' nose

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I put some Visine in my eyes so no one can tell  
I don't give a fuck so you can go to Hell  
We smokin' up, y'all, we smokin' up y'all  
We smokin' up, y'all, get lifted

Y'all know what time it is  
Yo, R, light that L

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